



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 5.

SELECT TALES.

Prize Tale.—From the New-England Galaxy.

May Martin, or the Money Diggers.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN TALE,

BY D. P. THOMPSON OF MONTPELIER, VT.

[Continued.]

WE will now change the scene of our little story which the events of this day were destined to bring to a fearful termination.

On a road deeply embowered in the heavy forest, about fifteen miles south of the Harwood settlement, and half that distance from the village before mentioned, a solitary horseman in the afternoon of the day so momentous to the fortunes of our heroine, was pursuing his lonely way towards the scenes we have just left. The day was one of uncommon sultriness even for the sultry month of August; and the traveller, occasionally plucking a fresh bough from the overhanging branches to keep off the flies that were swarming around his vexed horse, and stinging him at times to madness, seemed to look, with compassion on the foamy sides of the suffering animal, and often appeared to repress the involuntary motion which he frequently made to urge him forward at a quicker pace. 'It is cruel,' at length said the rider seemingly addressing his horse, 'it is cruel in me to force you on at this rate in this suffocating air, merely to gratify my selfish feelings—you have no loving and loved one in prospect to incite your steps to speed.' So saying he threw the reins loosely on the dripping mane of the horse, and for the next mile amused himself with watching the flies and endeavoring with a sort of malicious pleasure to strike down the most determined of their band as these little winged tormentors were settling on their wincing victim, and often goading him into a trot.

Arriving now to where another road from the eastward fell into one he was traveling, Ashley, for such, the reader has doubtless already anticipated, was our traveler, making his way to the settlement and intending to take his mistress by an agreeable surprise, it

being considerably sooner than she had reason to expect his return—Ashley, we say, at this point of intersection was joined by another horseman. The man was considerably past the prime of life, and his hair, indeed, began to be slightly sprinkled by the frost of time; while his features, really handsome and commanding, wore something of the pensive and thoughtful cast. Bowing with the respectful ease peculiar to the well bred, a class to which from both his dress and demeanor, he very evidently belonged, he fell in by the side of Ashley.

'Our traveling fortunes seem to unite here,' said the stranger as a languid smile played gently on his lips.

'That smile thought Ashley, and those features too seem familiar to me—I must have seen them, or something like them, somewhere, though certainly I know not this man;' and he mused awhile, but vainly, in trying to recal some more definite remembrance, or to account for the impression thus received. After some common place conversation about roads, distances and the like, the stranger observed.

'From some of your remarks, sir, I am led to conclude that you are a resident somewhere in the vicinity—may I ask how far you proceed in this direction?'

'I am going to Harwood settlement, as the place is called—it is my residence, now something near twelve miles distant,' replied Ashley.

'Indeed,' said the stranger, with evident interest, 'I do too, propose going to that place.'

'Do you?' asked the other, throwing an inquiring glance on his companion as if conjecturing his probable business, 'a proprietor of lands in the neighborhood, I conclude we may call you, or perhaps about to become a purchaser?'

'Or perhaps a curious traveler in search of the novel and picturesque among your wild mountains,' evasively said the stranger with a good natured smile.

'That smile again!' said Ashley to himself; and he began to feel an undefinable interest

growing in his bosom towards his new acquaintance.

'Do you know,' resumed the elder traveler after a few moments silence, 'do you know a family in your settlement by the name of Martin?'

'Intimately,' replied Ashley with a look in which some surprise as well as inquiry was exhibited.

'Has he much of a family?'

'Rather small I should call it, sir,—he has no children of his own.'

'Of his own?—has he those of others living with him?'

Growing more and more surprised and sensitive at the inquiries of the stranger as they touched at every question nearer and nearer the great point of interest to his own feelings, Ashley, with visible emotion and some hesitation, replied, 'there is a young lady living with Mr. Martin in the character of an adopted daughter; or rather that was the case when I left there about five weeks since.'

'Her name and age if you will, sir?'

'They call her May, and after their family name—her age lacks come months of eighteen,' again replied Ashley in a somewhat constrained and half jealous tone and manner, which the stranger seemed keenly to scrutinize.

'And this Martin removed hither from the borders of New Hampshire where he formerly resided?'

'He did.'

'The people there then told me correctly,' said the stranger in an under tone apparently communing with himself; 'but,' he continued again raising his voice to a conversational pitch and turning to Ashley, 'but as you appear so familiar with the girl's age, &c. you may also be able to tell me something of her character, and the standing she maintains among you?'

'You would hardly ask those questions, about May Martin, sir, if you had seen or heard much of her,' said Ashley, somewhat resentfully. 'I could easily answer them by merely reiterating the unanimous voice of

her neighbors; but before you pursue your inquiries any further, or at least before you expect answers to such as you may be pleased to put on the subject, I must beg of you to tell me your motives for so doing. Miss Martin is a valued friend of mine, and is somewhat critically situated in the family in which she resides, and I know not what use may be made of the information I am thus imparting to an entire stranger. You will excuse my plainness, I trust, sir.

The other turned a full and searching look on Ashley, which was met by the latter by one of equal scrutiny and something of sternness and hauteur.

'You are right, probably, young gentleman,' rejoined the elder traveler, after they had pursued their way some rods in constrained silence, 'the interest we sometimes feel in a particular subject may lead us to forget the bounds which it is prudent and proper should circumscribe our intercourse with strangers; but we will drop the subject now, perhaps we may know more of each other hereafter.'

Without allowing Ashley much chance to puzzle himself in trying to make out the character and objects of his companion, or reflect on the remarks which had fallen from his lips, the latter immediately directed the discourse to indifferent subjects, and the conversation soon relapsed into its former tone of amicable ness; though Ashley sometimes thought he could perceive an anxiety on the part of the other to draw out his information, as well as to ascertain his views and principles on the various points which there was some appearance of having been started for the purpose.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon before our travelers arrived at the snug little village, which like most other villages in Vermont, embosomed among the rough hills and clustered round a water-fall, served as the place of business and trade,—the miniature emporium in fact of Harwood settlement, and other parts of the surrounding country to many miles in extent. One glance sufficed to tell Ashley that something more than ordinary occurrence was afoot among the villagers. Here stood small clubs of men engaged in low and earnest conversation, their horses were being saddled and led out in haste as if for some sudden expedition, while numbers were passing in and out the tavern, one room of which, as seen through the open windows, appeared to be occupied by a dense crowd. Scarcely had Ashley reached the ground and thrown the reins of his horse to a waiter before shrewd Davy, running to his side and exclaiming in tones of joyous exultation, 'O Mr. Ashley is come,' grasped with convulsive eagerness the hand of his old friend in both of his, and burst into tears.

'Why, my little friend David! is this you here—but crying! How is this? and what is all this going on here?' rashly asked Ashley in surprise.

'God bless you Ashley!' cried Mundle now rushing out of the house, 'the very man of all others on earth I have been praying most to see! But come with me—I have a story for your ear, and there is not much time to be lost in the telling, as you will think yourself, I presume, when you have heard it.' So saying and taking the arm of our hero, bewildered at what he heard and saw, led him aside, with little David wiping his eyes, and still unable to speak for his emotion, following them close at their heels.

While Ashley was thus engaged his companion of the road had entered the rude piazza which ran along the front of the house and seating himself on a bench, sat apparently scanning the different faces around him, and listening to such remarks as fell within his hearing, as if willing to gather the cause of the commotion among the people without concerning himself so far as to make any direct inquiries respecting it. He had not been seated here but a moment however, before the former rushed by him into the house and hastily bespoke a fresh horse of the landlord to be saddled with all possible despatch. The horse was almost instantly at the door; while Mundle, with a stout assistant, who had in the mean time got in readiness for a start, now rode up and called on Ashley to mount.—As the latter was about springing into his saddle his late traveling companion stepped quickly up and touched him on the arm.

'Do you leave me, sir?' said he with some earnestness.

'I must' was the quick reply, 'I have just learned that which will urge me to the settlement much faster than you would wish to travel, but I shall see you to-morrow—good day, sir.'

'Nay, one moment—let me but ask whom your unexpected intelligence concerns?'

'Myself.'

'None others?'

'One.'

'The young lady concerning whom I inquired?'

'Most deeply.'

'Enough!—I attend you—landlord, my horse instantly.'

'But your horse—he will hardly keep pace with our fresh ones.'

'He shall at least try it, sir,' said the stranger in a determined tone as he now received his horse from the expert waiter and sprang into the saddle.

In another moment the little cavalcade were clattering at full gallop up the road towards the settlement followed by a waggon contain-

ing another assistant and shrewd David, with cords and iron hand cuffs to bind and secure the prisoner or prisoners.

Before following them we will pause an instant to bring up the events of our story as they occurred at the village before Ashley's unexpected arrival.

David it seems had proceeded directly to the village on leaving May that morning. On arriving there, still at a very early hour, he immediately went to search out Mundle and Johnson, the executive and judicial functionaries of the law, to whom he applied on his previous visit to the village; but both of these gentlemen had just ridden out, and to his great vexation, nobody could tell where they had gone or when they would return. Without the least thought of yielding to his disappointment the trusty little messenger awaited their coming many long hours in an agony of impatience and anxiety. And it was not till about noon that he caught sight of them approaching. He flew to meet and detain them on the road till they listened to his whole story.

'Well my lad,' said Mundle after he had satisfied himself by many now readily answered inquiries, 'you have told your story this time as you should do to have us believe it, though I see you were not to blame for not doing so the other day—I have had some hints of this money digging up there before and suspected monkey; but good God! Johnson, would you have believed there could have been found a man in Vermont guilty of the baseness of Martin towards a girl who has all the claims of a daughter? Thank heaven, however, there is time enough yet to stop all this, by just caging my gentleman bridegroom and his friend before they dream of such accommodations. Come, on to our dinners—then make out a warrant, Johnson, in no time—I will be ready to take it before it is dry; and you, my boy, come home with me,—you deserve a dozen dinners for your faithfulness to that noble girl.'

After an hour spent in waiting for and eating his dinner, and another or two in looking up forms and writing a warrant, the dilatory justice was about bringing his labors to a close, when in came the merchant holding in his hand a couple of counterfeit dollars which he said had just been passed at his store by a man from Harwood settlement, and demanded a warrant for his apprehension before he left the place. Here was an interruption that was not to be avoided, and David, who had determined not to leave the ground till he saw the sheriff on his way, and who watched the slow progress of the justice with the most restless impatience, as he now saw them drop the business, which was his only concern, and proceed to this new case, lost all control of his feelings and

fairly cried with vexation and disappointment. After a while, however, which seemed another age to the poor boy, both warrants were finished, and the sheriff despatched to arrest in the first place the last discovered candidate for his greeting favors. But, though Mundle performed his duty much more expeditiously than the other, it was yet nearly five in the afternoon before he had secured the prisoner, placed him in custody of others before the court at the tavern, and got released from his charge in order to proceed to the settlement which he was just on the point of doing when Ashley rode up to the door.

We will now follow the sheriff and his posse proceeding on with furious speed to a more interesting scene of action.

Proceeding with all the speed they could urge, being led on by Ashley who was burning with impatience to reach the abode of his periled mistress before forever too late, kept several rods in advance calling loudly and repeatedly on the rest to come on, they had not gone half their distance before their horses, now reeking with sweat and covered with sheets of foam, began to manifest great distress, and show evident signs of giving out, unless speedily suffered to relax.

'Hold! hold up! Ashley,' exclaimed Mundle, this will never do—we gain nothing by it.—With this speed, and such a stifling heat as this, two miles more and our horses drop dead under us. And yours will be the first to fail, see! how he already falters! A moment's consideration convinced Ashley of the justice of the sheriff's remarks, and they all immediately relaxed into a moderate trot. It had been throughout, as before remarked, a day of unusual heat and sultriness. And now, although the sun had been for some hours obscured by a deep haze slowly gathering over it, the heat was painfully oppressive. The atmosphere indeed seemed every moment to grow more murky and suffocating. Not a leaf, even of the ever-trembling aspen, responded to a single vibration of the deadened air, while the birds sat panting, listless and mute on boughs, scarcely moving at the nearest approach of man. And all nature seemed sunk into one of those lethargic calms so ominous, in the warmer latitudes, of the coming tempest.—Nor, in the present instance were the more palpable indications of a thunder storm much longer wanting. Every moment darker and broader sheets of vapor rose up majestically from the west, casting a deeper and more lurid shade over the earth; and soon long, deep peals of muttering thunder came booming on the ear, increasing each instant in loudness and frequency. The company, now beginning to be observant of the approaching shower, soon came on to the top of a high knoll which gave them, over the top of the intervening

forest an open and unobstructed view of the western horizon. One broad, black mass of upheaving clouds lay directly in front, extending round on either side to the north and south as far as the eye could reach; while in the center of this fearful rack a huge column of vapor, doubling and eddying like a seething caldron, was rolling up with the blackness and rapidity of the smoke of burning pitch.

'Heaven and earth!' exclaimed Mundle glancing at the scene before him, 'in fifteen minutes that terrific cloud will burst upon us in all the fury of a tornado—it is but two miles now—our horses will stand it in the freshening breeze—let us clear the woods at least before the tempest strikes us.' And they again applied whip and spur and put their horses upon a keen run.

Leaving them here to get on as they may, we must now return to our long neglected heroine to recount the occurrences of the day at Martin's. Slowly to her passed the anxious day which was destined to be the last of her ever being known by the name of May Martin. The forenoon was mostly occupied in making such scanty preparations as Mrs. Martin chose to direct for the reception of the company at the expected ceremony in the evening. In all these May assisted with a sort of unnatural alacrity, but with as great a degree of composure as her troubled feelings would permit her to assume.—As noon approached she expected every moment to hear the trampling of horses at the door as the fruits of her message, which she supposed must have been delivered hours before. But noon and afternoon came and still no tidings from the village were heard; no signs of either messenger or the success of his message were discoverable. Often and vainly did she strain her aching sight towards the woods in the direction whence the expected succor was to appear to catch a glimpse of approaching horsemen.—One o'clock, two, and three passed, and still they came not. Perhaps they might have been led by David round in the woods to the cave without coming into the clearing; perhaps Gow was already secured and on his way back to the village; and the thought, this hope-grasped thought for a while relieved her. But even this faint gleam of consolation soon vanished by the appearance of Gow himself, come to dress and prepare for the ceremony. With a hint from Mrs. Martin that it was time she had began to dress herself for the company. May now retired to her room, and carefully fastening the door, flung herself on her bed in an agony of grief and despair. But impelled by the painful consciousness that the crisis was now at hand when she must yield to her fate or do something to avert it, and now fast relinquishing all hope in the success of the plan on which she had been relying for

her extrication, she soon roused herself and summoned all her energies for deciding what course to pursue on the fearful emergency. Could she trust herself to carry into effect one of the alternatives she had resolved on in failure of Gow's arrest, that of denouncing him, and resisting the proceeding of the ceremony? Could she command her feelings sufficient to do this; should she not be overawed by Martin and his wife? And even should she make the attempt would her story gain credence, after keeping so long silent, and suffering the affair to glide along to the very hour of consummation without making known her situation? The more she reflected on this project the more did her resolution waver. She had a female friend who had not long since married and settled on the road a few miles north of Harwood settlement, and her resolution was soon formed to attempt to escape from the house and try to reach the residence of her friend that night. Scarce had she formed this resolution before casting her eye up the road she beheld in the distance a man approaching on horseback, whom, from the color of his horse, she instantly recognized to be the minister who had been engaged to officiate on the occasion. She had seen him pass the preceding Saturday on his way to a town a short distance to the north where, at stated intervals he preached; and she but too well knew the reason of his happening along on his return at this hour. Now aware that not another moment was to be lost, she seized a common bonnet and cautiously letting herself down from her window which opened into the garden glided through the shrubbery, swift and noiseless as the wild bird stealing to its covert, slipped through the fence, and entering a field of tall grain immediately beyond, escaped towards the woods unseen in a northerly direction. On reaching the woods she paused a moment to glance at the clouds which were now beginning to heave up over the tops of the mountains in heavy masses, accompanied at short intervals by the low short and scarcely perceptible rumbling of the distant thunder, affording her indubitable evidence of the approaching storm. But she hesitated not. What to her feelings were the terrors of a thunder storm to the scene she had just left, in which, but for her flight, she must soon be the principal actor? Pausing no longer than to decide how she should best shape her course, avoid all observation from the road and the open grounds on the right, and prevent becoming entangled and bewildered in the depths of the wilderness on the left, she now plunged into the woods, and keeping just within their borders, pressed on with rapid steps towards her destination. She had not proceeded far however, before the occasional rustling of bushes and the

crackling of sticks and brush breaking under the tread at some distance on her left apprised her of the presence of some one apparently endeavoring to keep pace with her for the purpose of dogging her steps. And soon catching a glimpse of his person in a glance over her shoulder as with quickened steps she pursued her way, the alarming truth at once flashed across her mind. It was the accomplice of Gow, the old man she had seen in the cavern who was following her. Calculating to leave the valley that night he had packed up, and having come down from his retreat, was waiting, at a convenient stand at the skirt of the woods in plain sight of Martin's, a signal promised by Gow as soon as the knot was fairly tied, intending to depart secretly from the settlement the moment this evidence of the completion of their infamous work was displayed. And it was while standing here concealed from the view of others in a clump of bushes and patiently watching for the promised signal, he caught sight of May gliding into the woods but a short distance below him. Though soon conjecturing from the course she came that it could be no other than their intended victim, he yet suspected not at first her real object; and thinking she might have come to the wood for the purpose of obtaining some favorite shrub or evergreen to deck her room for the occasion, he suffered her to proceed some way before it occurred to him that she was actually escaping from their net. Unwilling on account of his own safety to cause an outcry which he was fearful she might raise if he made any attempt to detain her by force, he determined to get ahead of her and endeavor to frighten her back to the house. But in this he soon found himself baffled; for instead of being able to get before her, he found much difficulty, so rapid was her flight, even in overtaking and keeping her in sight. Resolving however not to lose the advantage of this, that he might dog her to the house where she fled for shelter for the night, and return and apprise his accomplice of the place of her refuge, he redoubled his exertions and succeeded barely in accomplishing this part of his purpose as far as the pursuer and pursued were permitted to proceed.

But to return to the wretched fugitive. Having been nurtured among the mountains, and accustomed from infancy to exercise in their invigorating breezes, her naturally active limbs had acquired an elasticity and a capability of enduring fatigue, which are unknown to females of older countries, and which came in good need on the present emergency. Fleeing, like some frightened nymph of heathen fable before a pursuing demon, her lips parted, her hands thrust eagerly forward, and her loosened and disor-

dered tresses streaming wildly behind her, she bounded along over log, rock and rivulet with a rapidity which fear only could have incited, and which the delirious energy of desperation alone could have sustained. While every glance which at times she hastily threw back over her shoulder at the fearful visage forever peering through the bushes in hot pursuit behind her, added a fresh impulse to her exertions and quickened her speed. The thunder now burst in terrific peals over her head—tall trees were uprooted and hurled to the earth by the furious blast, or shivered in the fiercely quivering blaze of the lightning, fell in fragments around her; yet she paused not in her course—the rain poured in a deluging torrent over her drenched person, yet she heeded it not; but catching the big drops on her parched lips as they gratefully beat over her fevered and burning brow, she fled on—on, regardless of all exposure and forgetful of all dangers but one.

Having now passed the last house of the settlement, she, just as the night and clouds were fast combining to spread their dark mantle over the earth, varied her course, and struck obliquely into the road. Here, pausing an instant in doubt whether to fly to the nearest house, or go on in pursuance of her original determination, she indistinctly caught the form of her pursuer, who had struck into the road some distance below her, and thus cut off her chance of return. Nerving herself once more for the trial, she passed on up the road for her first destination, now about two miles distant, with no other means of distinguishing her way than what the occasional flashes of lightning afforded.

Although the rain immediately overhead had now sensibly abated, yet the deep, earth-jarring roar on the left, as if from the incessant pouring of a cataract, plainly told that the storm was still spending its force with unexampled fury on the mountains. And the proof of this soon became visible to our heroine in the rapidly increasing torrents that came rushing down the steep acclivities, overflowing the road and threatening at every step to put an entire stop to her progress. Arriving at length at the northern outlet of the valley where the mountains shut down so close to the pond as to leave little more than space for the road to pass between them, she came abreast of one of the mountain ravines, where at ordinary times, a small brook crossed the road. It was now swollen to a rushing river, before which no human strength could have stood an instant. To attempt to pass this she saw was but madness; and as she heard the splashing footsteps of her pursuer but a short distance behind her, despair now for the first time sent its chill to her heart. But while standing on the brink of the dashing flood, which at every wave rose

higher and higher, hesitating whether to commit herself to the raging element, or the scarcely less dreaded power of her pursuer, a flash of lightning revealed to her sight a shelving rock jutting out from the side of the hill a few rods back, and so aloof from the road and screened from it by intervening boughs, as to afford her, she believed, if reached unseen, a good concealment from her indefatigable enemy, and a safe retreat from the waters which were now rising around her with the most frightful rapidity. Making directly for the hill, and scrambling up the slanting rocks at the foot with the expiring energy of despair, she gained the place and dropped down exhausted on the spot, just as another flash partially revealed to her sight the form of the old man hurrying by, and rushing up to the brink of the stream she had left but an instant before. Recoiling from the view of the threatening and impassible torrent, and throwing one wild glance around him, in which horror for the supposed fate of his victim, and alarm for his own safety seemed equally mingled, he hastily retreated back along the road. But before he had proceeded many rods, the gathering and pent waters above, as if suddenly bursting through their opposing barriers, in a mighty torrent came rushing down a corresponding ravine beyond the ridge at a little distance to the south, and wholly cut off his retreat. Meanwhile the noise on the mountain every moment grew louder and louder. The deep, distant roar, as of pouring torrents, which had for some time been heard, now became mingled with the tumultuous crashing of falling forests, the hissing, swashing sounds of disturbed and changing volumes of water, and the slow, heavy, intermitting jar of vast bodies of matter just beginning to move.—Nearer and nearer it came—and now the earth trembled and shook seemingly to its lowest foundations, as with gathering impetus, the mighty mass came rolling down the steep sides of the mountain directly towards the spot where the terror struck girl lay concealed, and her no less affrighted pursuer, a few yards below, was running to and fro, vainly looking for some chance to escape. Anon it became rapidly light, as from some steady kindling blaze above, which, growing more luminous and dazzling every instant, soon gleamed fiercely along the surface of the bubbling pond, and flashing broad and bright over the opposite mountains, lit up the whole amphitheatre of encircling hills, from the darkness of midnight to the splendors of noon-day. Starting upon her feet May looked around her in mute consternation. Nearer and more deafening rose the tremendous din above—roaring, crashing, grinding along, with concussions that made the solid earth heave and bound beneath her feet, down

came the avalanche with fearful velocity towards her. In another instant the mighty mass, dividing on the solid ledge beneath which she stood, began to rush by her on either side in two vast, high, turbid volumes, revolving monstrous stones and hurling trees over trees in their progress, and like some huge launch, driving with amazing force into the receding waters of the pond—while at the same time the forest around and above her, waved, shook, toppled and fell in an awful crash on the rocks over her head. She saw, she heard no more, but sank stunned and senseless on the ground. And, passing from the insensibility occasioned by the shock into a profound sleep, which, without a full recovering of her consciousness, immediately stole over her the moment her overstrained faculties ceased their exertion. She lay till the great struggle of the elements was over, and the storm passed by. At length, however, she slowly awoke. The dreadful tumult that last assailed her conscious ear was now hushed, and all was still save the steady rushing of the diminished waters. The stars shone out brightly, giving her a dim view of the wild scenes of havoc and desolation which the fearful power of the avalanche had spread around her. The trunk of a large tree lay directly across the rocks within a few feet of her head. She saw how narrowly she had escaped death, and she devoutly thanked heaven for the perservation. A faint groan issuing from the ruins a short distance from where she lay, now reached her. It was the poor wretch who had caused all her trials, now lying wounded and buried beneath the top of the same tree that had spared his intended victim. But before she had time to indulge in the mingled emotions which this was bringing over her, she heard voices. Presently lights appeared on the pond, and a boat with several men shot along the shore directly against her. It now paused in its course, and some one repeated loudly her name. Did she hear rightly?—Else why did the tones of that voice thrill through every fibre of her frame? She shrieked in reply, and tried to move, but her benumbed and worn limbs refused their office. The call came again, 'May! May!' 'Oh, Ashley, Ashley,' she articulated in broken and agonized utterance. The men sprang on the shore and in a moment more she was clasped in the mute embrace of her lover.

Once more and for the last time change we the scene of our eventful story to the place where we commenced it, at the dwelling of the heartless, despicable, but now detected and self-abased Martin. Need we attempt to describe the disappointment of the excited and enraged lover, as bursting into the house at the head of his companions just

as the tempest struck it, he made the discovery which the inmates made but a moment before that his affianced was missing? The utter discomfiture of Martin and his congenial helpmate at this unlooked for interruption of their plans, and detected at the very eve of consummating their baseness? The consternation of Gow at being seized and securely ironed on the spot? The bitter upbraidings heaped by Ashley on the heads of the guilty and shrinking pair for their treachery towards him, and their oppressive cruelty and wickedness towards the unprotected child of their adoption? The feverish impatience with which he paced the floor till the storm should abate that he might fly to the neighbors, to some of whom it was supposed the poor girl had fled for refuge? The hot haste with which he mounted his horse the first moment the fury of the tempest would permit and rode from house to house in the eager search? The blank dismay and agony of heart that overwhelmed him on finding that no one had seen her, and that she was sheltered by no house in the settlement? the prompt rallying of the startled inhabitants—the dancing of lights in every direction as they anxiously continued the search in house and barn, field and forest through the gloomy hours of that dreadful night? The consternation of the distracted lover on coming to the fearful ruins of the avalanche, at the maddening thought she might be buried beneath them—his hasty return and procurement of a boat to pass round the insurmountable mass that blocked up the road—the extacy of joy that thrilled his bosom at the discovery of the lost one, and the exulting throb of heart-gushing happiness with which he and his companions bore back the living prize, together with the dying wretch who had caused her misfortunes, to the nearest house for resuscitation and refreshment before proceeding homeward. Need we attempt to detail this? What reader of imagination so dull that he cannot better fill up for himself, a picture so difficult for pen to delineate?

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From the American Weekly Messenger.

Oliver Wolcott.

THE name of Wolcott is closely associated with the history of New England for the last two centuries. Henry Wolcott, the patriarch ancestor of this eminent family, was a native of England, and settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts, as early as 1630. In 1636, he, with several others, founded the town of Windsor, in Connecticut, and established a commonwealth, based on republican principles, consisting of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield.

The revised constitution of Connecticut is substantially the one penned by Roger Ludlow, and adopted by this infant colony; a high compliment to the pilgrim fathers; a proud memorial of their virtue and intelligence.

During the perils of the Indian wars, during the difficulties with the Canadian French, and yet through all the various vicissitudes that have pervaded New England down to the present time, the descendants of Henry Wolcott have acted a conspicuous part in the field and the legislative hall.

Oliver Wolcott, the subject of this brief sketch, was the youngest son of Roger Wolcott, who was appointed governor of Connecticut in 1751. Oliver was born the 26th of November, 1726, and graduated at Yale College, at the age of twenty-one years. The same year he was commissioned to command a company, which he raised, and marched to the defence of the northern frontier, where he remained until the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He then returned, applied himself to the study of medicine, until he was appointed first sheriff of the county of Litchfield, formed in 1751. In 1755, he married Laura Collins, an amiable and discreet woman, of great merit. In 1774, he was appointed counsellor, which station he filled for twelve successive years. He was also chief judge of the common plea court, and, for a long time, a judge of the court of probate. As a military officer, he rose from the grade of captain to that of major general. In the summer of 1776, he commanded the fourteen regiments raised by governor Trumbull to act with the army in New York. He headed his brigade at the memorable battle that resulted in the capture of Burgoyne, and revived the drooping cause of the bleeding colonies. He was uniformly consulted on important military movements, and was listened to with great confidence and respect. From the commencement he was an ardent supporter of the revolution.

In 1775, he was appointed by congress a commissioner of Indian affairs for the northern department, a trust of high importance at that time. During the same year, his influence was happily exerted in reconciling disputes between the neighboring colonies relative to boundaries. Amiable and persuasive in his manners, aided by a sound discretion, and a correct sense of justice, he was well calculated to be a mediator between contending parties.

In 1776 he took his seat in congress, and remained until he affixed his signature to that Declaration which burst the chains of slavery, gave birth to a nation in a day, astonished gazing millions, made the British king tremble on his throne, and stamped the names of the signers with a fame that will endure, unimpaired, through the rolling ages of time.

He then returned and took his station in the field, and on all occasions proved himself a prudent, brave and skillful officer. When he deemed his services more useful in congress he occasionally took his seat in that body until 1783.

In 1785 he was associated with Arthur Lee and Richard Butler, to conclude a peace with the Six Nations. The following year he was elected lieutenant governor, which station he filled for ten years, when he was chosen governor, where death found him, and closed his mortal career on the first of December, 1797, in the seventy-first year of his age, regretted by all, and most by those who knew him best.

In addition to his numerous public services, always performed without pomp or noise, his private character shone with peculiar luster.—He possessed all the sterling virtues, was a devout and consistent christian, an honorable and honest man. AMMONIUS.

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

Poetry.

POETRY is the music of the soul. It tunes the inharmonious feelings of the bosom, and causes the flexile chords of the heart to vibrate in the most enchanting euphony. Who has not felt its magical power upon his passions, awakening and vivifying them, raising them to the highest node of ecstasy, and enkindling in his breast the chaste and devout flame of inspiration? It refines and exalts the mind, arouses the young and tender affections of the soul, and plumes the wings of fancy—causing us to soar to regions of purity and blissfulness—the ideal worlds of the imagination.

The term poetry, according to the Greek, from which language it is derived, signifies 'I create;' what must be the power of 'the creator' or poet* he whose

'eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven:
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

Thus endowed, these favorite sons of the tuneful sisters, are enable to sway the scepter of their power over the heart of man, holding him in thrall till he is lost in the enrapturing dreams of his excited fancy. Says the immortal Shakspeare, from whom I have just quoted, speaking of the power of poetry,

'Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands.'

Though this may be a hyperbole, yet no one will deny that its power is wonderful—is mighty, yea Herculean; and if it cannot 'soften steel and stones,' it can melt a heart nearly as hard.

* Vide Knickerbocker, Vol. 9th, No. 3, Page 236.

Poetry may, in some respects, be compared to music. Their effect upon the passions is analagous, though not equal. The influence of the latter compared with that of the former, is but trifling. Music cannot paint, in all the prismatic colorings of imagination, the halcyon days and the fairy scenes of infancy: it has not the power to call up the spirits of departed years, and lead us back in the flowery paths of fancy, to those joy-awakening haunts so pregnant with the golden dreams of delight—poetry has. Music cannot open the archives of romance—cannot relate the fancies of fiction, and summons to view figures and scenes with a truth and vividness defying the skill of the limner—poetry can. Music cannot portray the fascinating charms of nature found in almost every clime where foot of man has ever trodden; it has not the faculty of picturing before the mind's eye the sunny plains of Italy, the time hallowed, classical regions of venerable Greece, or the lovely scenery of our own poetic land—poetry has. Above all, music cannot place that heavenly smile upon the countenance of Religion, and array her before our enraptured vision in that chaste and holy vestment, as poetry can, in such a manner as to excite a throb of admiration in the coldest heart that ever beat in the bosom of man. In what love-inspiring colors is she delineated by a Southy, a Montgomery, or a Sigourney; and if ever the soul of the Christian is raised above the sordid things of earth, if ever it beats with emotions of angelic purity, it is while listening to the seraphic strains of their rapture-breathing lyre.

Still music has its charms, its many charms; and I delight to hear it. I love to listen to the joyous songsters, as they pour forth in one universal choir, their matin lays, to hail the approach of the saffron morn. I delight to hear them tune their mellow throats responsive to the murmuring fount and the sighing breeze, and bid adieu in mournful requiem to the departing day. But most of all I love to listen to the deep-toned, death-like voice of midnight.

'How sadly pleasing, at that lonely hour,
While nature, wrapt in pall of sable hue,
Is hushed in silence deep, like that dread calm
Which slumbers in the lone sepulchral tomb;
Doth strike upon the melancholy ear
The doleful music of the midnight winds,
As through the funeral chambers of the night
The wailing notes reverberate, they seem
The solemn dirge of a departed friend;
And as I oft in contemplation sit,
While awful stillness holds her vigils round,
With rapt emotions high my bosom beats,
And with a deep-drawn, voluntary sigh,
I frequent shed—I know not why—a tear.

Certainly the influence of music is great; and I pity him who has never felt it. But still it has not that mysterious charm which poetry possesses: a charm that steals over the mind in the hour of melancholy, dispelling from it

the dun clouds of disconsolation, and lighting the lamp of hope and joy in the midnight chambers of the soul. Behold the youth over whom sadness has wrapt her gloomy shroud and whose bark is fast approaching the Charybdis of despair; how his countenance beams with transport, as the hope-reviving strains of the poet's lyre strike upon his ear, like the melodious voice of the Syrens, alluring him, not amid the dangerous rocks of Scylla, but into the peaceful channel of supernal delight.

Go to him who is sighing in a stranger land, afar from youthful home, place in his hand a poem or even a line that calls to mind the joyous scenes of early life, and instantly, while his eye rapidly glances over the canvass of departed years, his cheeks are bedewed with tears, and he longs to once more behold the land of his birth, the friends of his youth and every thing his heart holds dear.

Such is the influence of poetry—an influence lasting as poetry itself; and poetry is as durable, yea more so than the temples of earthly grandeur and magnificence. The monuments of intellectual greatness reared by immortal Greece, have long since crumbled into the dust. Time has flapped his mighty pinions over her domes and her palaces, and swept them into the dark caverns of oblivion; but the lyre of her Homer still vibrates in our ear, rousing every passion of the soul, and wafting us through the Elysian fields of mental enjoyment; and it will vibrate till the language of nature is forgotten, and every angelic feeling is erased from the bosom of man.

J. C.

Dracut, Ms.

The Illiterate Robber.

A GENTLEMAN. ONE evening pretty late, passing over Point Neuf, new bridge, in Paris, with a lanthorn in his hand, was accosted by a strange man, in a manner rather polite and seeming suppliant, who requested him to read a paper which, he said, he had that moment picked up, and did not know but what it might be of consequence; the gentleman, in holding up his lanthorn, in order to read the paper, had likewise an opportunity of surveying the person, and features of the person who had accosted him, which he did with some attention.

In the paper he found a few lines, which I have translated as literally as the idiom of the two languages would admit.

Speak not a word when this you've read
Or in an instant you'll be dead,
Give up your money, watch and rings,
Or other valuable things
Depart then quickly as you will,
Only remember silence still.

The gentleman considering his situation, and the purport of the threat contained in the paper, thought it most prudent to continue silent, and to act as it directed; he accord-

ingly delivered his watch, rings, money, &c. but at the same time renewed his survey of the person to whom he gave them; and was so minute in his scrutiny, that he fancied he could at any time swear to him.

The man was soon apprehended for a riot, and on his way to justice was perceived by the gentleman to whom he had presented the paper, who accompanied him to the magistrate, and exhibited an account of the before mentioned occurrences against him; he was for want of proper proof, respecting the riot, acquitted of the affair, but was sent to prison on account of the gentleman's accusation.

When he was brought to the bar to take his trial, he appeared quite unconcerned, and pleaded not guilty, with the greatest confidence; the gentleman, who was the only evidence that could be produced, swore positively to the fact, and to the identity of his person.

When he came to make his defence, he thus addressed the bench:

'My lords, I confess on the evening specified, I did meet this gentleman on Point Neuf, and the transaction as he has related it very exactly passed between us; but in the affair, I am very far from being guilty of any ill intention. It is my misfortune not to be able to read; I picked up the paper just before I met the gentleman; I thought perhaps it might be of consequence.—Seeing the gentleman, and judging from his appearance that he might be able to read; observing likewise the convenience of his having a lanthorn in his hand, I requested that he would do me the favor to read the paper—he complied—and after reading it to himself, to my great surprise he puts his rings, watch, and money into my hands; I was so astonished that I had not power to inquire into the contents of the paper, or to follow him for an explanation of his actions—afterwards, on reflection, I imagined the paper must have been of great value, and that he had given me his rings and money, in order to get rid of me, and to keep to himself what was far more considerable in worth. Thus, if any one hath been wronged, I think it is myself, and I hope that justice will be done me.'

By this bold and artful defence, and the notoriety of his not having made any formal demand on the gentleman he got off, for he was acquitted, though the whole court was conscious of his being the guilty person.

Let Well Alone.

How many men in business who, doing well, want to do better, and thus, like the dog with the shadow, lose their substance in carrying out their inordinate desires; and who, when too late, wish they had, 'let well alone.'

How many wives are there, who, comfortably located, and possessing a tolerable help,

do, out of the craving wants of their nature, give up the one and forego the other—and (only in a tenement much less convenient than at first, and an assistant whose appellation,) then coming to their senses, when also too late, wish they had 'let well alone.'

It is not too much to say, that one half of the inconveniency, troubles, misfortune and calamities of life, arise from our not 'letting well alone.'

Which of us can look back through the vista of by-gone years, and trace the actions and events that have marked his career, and not feel assured that his lot in life might not have been better, if at some epoch of his fortune, he had 'let well alone.'

Content is the balm and solace of existence—Not that content which, like the sloth would prevent, but upon compulsion, any exertion of our nature; but that content which cools the fiery ardor of the mind for everlasting action, and teaches the prudence of rest, in the fair attainment of its pursuits. That content which enables us to sit down in our career, and enjoy the beauties of this sweet smiling world, and prevent us from making our lives one weary and unceasing race to the very grave.

To all persons—to all classes—our motto speaks. It ought to be written in letters of gold and hung in every chamber. Many a mad scheme—many an unwise resolution would then die in the brain that engendered it; and many a man's happiness and prosperity would be owing to his having—'Let well alone.'—*N. Y. Trans.*

BEGIN RIGHT.—'I know a man who is very rich now, though he was very poor when he was a boy. He said his father taught him not to play till all his work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till he had earned it. If he had half an hour's work he was taught to do that the first thing, and to do it in half an hour. After this was done, he could play; and my young friends all know he could play with a great deal more pleasure, than he could if he had the thought of his unfinished work on his mind. He says he early formed the habit of doing every thing in its season, and it soon became perfectly easy for him to do so. It is to this that he owes his present prosperity. I am very happy to add that he delights to do good with his riches.'

The more quietly and peaceably we get on, the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if one cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, to quit his company; if he slanders you take care so to live as that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is, or how he misuses you the wisest way is generally, just let him alone. There

is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837.

THE MONUMENT.—We have heretofore neglected noticing this neat and well-conducted periodical, not however from its lack of merit, as we esteem it one of the best periodicals of the day. It is in the quarto form and published weekly by David Creamer, in the city of Baltimore, at \$3.00 per annum. The Monument is occasionally embellished with handsome engravings, and contains much original matter. We sometime since received a number composed entirely of original articles, all from the pens of female writers, and accompanied with a beautiful plate of one of its female correspondents.

Subscriptions for the above received at this office.

THE RICHMOND COUNTY MIRROR.—We have received the first number of a new weekly paper bearing this title, published at New-Brighton and accompanied by a handsome engraving of that village, intended as the first of a series of illustrations of Staten Island. It is to be devoted to Science, Literature and News, and judging from the specimen number will richly merit a share of public patronage. Terms, \$3.00 per annum, payable in advance.

THE LADY'S BOOK AND LADIES' COMPANION.—The August numbers, of these popular periodicals fully sustain their former reputation. 'The Divorce,' in the Ladies' Companion, and 'The Lost Bride,' by Mrs. Hale, in the Lady's Book, are both full of interest, as are many of the other articles.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. M. W. Proctorsville, Vt. \$0.87; A. S. Heath, Ms. \$0.90; M. S. Unionville, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Perryville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Gansevoort, N. Y. \$5.00; W. B. T. Gill, Ms. \$5.00; J. W. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hall's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; O. T. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Horace, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. S. Jamestown, N. Y. \$5.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$6.00; M. T. C. Westerlo, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. North Reading, N. Y. \$5.00; A. L. Smithboro', N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Hemlock Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Great Bend, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Brooklyn, Pa. \$1.00; J. B. C. East Schuyler, N. Y. \$1.00; G. B. Northeast, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; J. B. F. Newark Valley, N. Y. \$0.84; J. P. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Groveland, N. Y. \$5.00; L. D. W. East Clarendon, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. North Stephentown, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Parmelia 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Moriah, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Clockville, N. Y. \$5.00; G. P. T. Fall River, Ms. \$1.00; R. D. Redfield, N. Y. \$1.00; O. & S. Goshen, N. Y. \$2.00; G. C. Brattleborough, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Pleasant Mount, Pa. \$2.00; M. T. C. Westerlo, N. Y. \$1.00; H. O. Newstead, N. Y. \$1.00; M. D. Comstock's Landing, \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In Hillsdale, by the Rev. Mr. Seeley, Mr. Benson Simpson, to Miss Louisa Van Deusen, daughter of Isaac Van Deusen, all of Hillsdale.

At Chatham, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. William Curtis, of Sandusky, Ohio, to Miss Christina Lodowick, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on Sunday morning, the 6th inst. Captain Richard Barker, in the 84th year of his age.

On the 31st ult. Robert Armstrong, son of Robert H. and Caroline Tompkins, in the 4th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. at the residence of Mr. Henry R. Van Rensselaer, Cornelia R. eldest daughter of the late Gen. Jacob Rutzen Van Rensselaer.

On the 13th inst. William P. son of Philip K. and Elizabeth Burger, aged 11 months.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Margaret Gavett.

In New-York, on the 9th inst. Samuel S. son of Matthew Mitchell, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. Hannah A. daughter of Casper V. H. Morrison, aged 3 months and 2 days.

In Austerlitz, on the 24th ult. the Hon. Jacob Ford, at the advanced age of 94 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

To my Father.

SPEAK to me, father—calm the thoughts that rush
In anguish o'er me—I have vainly strove,
With aching heart, through midnight's solemn hush,
To catch once more the accents of thy love.

Speak to me, father—for my yearning heart
Shrinks—wildly shrinks! from what it cannot shun;
Oh! if thy voice can aught of hope impart,
Speak to me, father! ere thy sands are run.

Thy trembling lips in vain essay to part,
And dimness is around thee; fainter grows
The deep, slow throbbing of thy wearied heart,
So soon to rest in one long hushed repose.

The solemn stillness, death hath round thee cast,
Falls strangely on my heart's divided strife;
How strong the chain that binds us to the past
And yet how frail the feeble links of life.

I would not call thee back, though sad and lone
May be the hearts relentless death hath riven
Though broke the chain that blessed our happy home,
That severed link has bound us nearer heaven.

C. D.

For the Rural Repository.

The Gift.

GIVE back the gift, the gift restore,
Since it can be to you, no more
A fond memento true;
Since now another shares the smile
Which would so oft my care beguile,
The gift to me is due.

O why did I love thee in vain,
Hoping for bliss, but finding pain
And sadness fill my soul;
And why didst thou, my smiles receive,
And nourish hopes which to believe
Was bliss beyond control.

And yet I never spoke to thee,
Of thoughts that were so dear to me,
And now so painful prove;
Nought but the truth revealing eye,
The silent kiss, the pensive sigh,
Have ever spoke my love.

And thine as fully have confessed
The feelings of thy gentle breast,
The thoughts that centered there;
Why did those days so quickly pass,
Why must those joys so soon, alas!
Give room to doubt and care?

I must not blame thee, though no more
I share the smile thou always wore,
And if another now

Is happy with thee as I've been,
And if his hopes are not in vain,
Nor vain the plighted vow.

But yet the gift I must not take,
O! keep it for past friendship's sake,
With me but too sincere;
And though to love I must not bow,
Nor breathe my feelings to thee now,
Still thou to me art dear.

O.

Washington's Tomb.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

TOMB of the mighty dead!
Sacred be every tree,
That waves above thy bed,
Or sheds its bloom on thee—
While full Potomac flows
Bright 'neath Mount Vernon's sun
Honored by friends and foes—
Rest here, in blest repose—
Washington! Washington!

Sons of our pilgrim sires,
Sons of our boundless west,
Ye, whom the tropic fires,
Or the cold lakes lull to rest,
Meet here, as brothers meet,
Round a loved hearth-stone,
Meet in communion sweet,
Here, at your father's feet,
Washington! Washington!

Others on glory's rock,
Have an enduring name,
Echoed in battle-shock,
Sculptured with blood and flame;
But when the mother at her knee,
Teacheth her cradled son
Lessons of Liberty,
Shall he not hush of thee?
Washington! Washington!

Should baleful discord steal
Our patriot strength away,
Or fierce Invasion's reckless zeal
Restore old Bunker's day—
Or mad Disunion smite the tree
That grew 'neath Glory's sun,
What shall the watch-word be,
Rousing the true and free?
Washington! Washington!

From the Lady's Book.

The Wealth of Nature.

BY MRS. E. J. HALE.

'I feel an animating assurance that Nature will exert a perpetually increasing influence, not only as a most fertile source of pure and substantial pleasures, but also as a great moral agent.—William Howitt.

Go, look abroad on Nature,
With heart subdued and pure,
And learn how riches may be won,
Ay, wealth that will endure—
The flowers that bloom along our path
What store of sweets they bear?
We call them rich because they breathe
Rich fragrance on the air.

So let thy love and thoughtfulness,
From frost of self unbound,
Like incense from the generous Rose,
Flow out to friends around,
And this truth upon thy mind will break,
As light through clear glass pours,
That man is rich by what he gives,
But ne'er in hoarded stores.

The wild bird hymns the morning,
With strains that float to heaven:
In Hope's bright gems how rich the breast
From whence such joys are given!
That little bird, at eventide,
Foregoes to-morrow's care,
And sleeps upon the trembling branch
As God's firm shield were there.

Not thus the lord of millions
In slumber may repose,

The weight of gold upon his soul
A fearful shadow throws;
But the bird will teach the humble heart
On heaven its faith to buoy—
That he is rich who can rest in peace
And wake with a song of joy.

See, on the sterile mountain
A star-like Spring appears,
'Tis bright as childhood's laughing eye,
When it beams through diamond tears—
The wealth of waters from that Spring
Rolls on the sea to swell,
Yet scatters blessings on its path,
As its green-leaved watchers tell.

And thus life's stream is flowing
To death's dark shoreless sea—
Man saves no wealth from that ruthless deep
But the sum of his charity—
If thou hast bound the broken heart
And cherished the orphan pale,
And bade light beam on the darkened mind,
Thy wealth will never fail.

The Feast of Life.

BY L. E. L.

I BID thee to my mystic Feast,
Each one thou lovest is gathered there;
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear,
The board with faded flowers is spread;
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from which bloom has fled.

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirge like sound;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, tho' dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears;
'Tis from their native element
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What! turnest thou with averted brow?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine,
And askest for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain, the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seemed to thee;
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality!

JOB PRINTING.

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